

Prospect Avenue Parking

PROSPECT avenue property owners are signing a petition for bitulithic paving, and the majority of them are believed to be already committed to the parking plan adopted on Rio Grande street and Magoffin avenue. Prospect avenue will never be a main thoroughfare. It is exclusively a residence street and will always be. Its grade is fortunately too steep to encourage high speed automobile traffic. The paved roadway need be only wide enough for the ordinary passing of a quiet residence street. Thirty feet wide is ample for the paved driveway.

The street between property lines is 70 feet wide. Paving 30 feet wide will leave 20 feet on each side, six feet of which will be taken up by a sidewalk near the lot line, and 14 feet on each side of the street by parking, with grass, trees, shrubs, and flowers.

The plan adopted for Rio Grande street and Magoffin avenue requires that the property owners pay the first cost, estimated at 92c per front foot. The maintenance cost is guaranteed to the city by a slight increase in assessment, \$185 per lot, the proceeds of this increase at the present tax rate amounting to \$3.50 per lot per year, which the city collects automatically and expends through the park department to keep the street parking in good condition. This, less than 30c per lot frontage per month, is not over one-fourth what it would cost any individual property owner to keep up his curb parking, and the automatic feature absolutely prevents any nonresident or unprogressive property owner from ruining the appearance of the street by refusing to maintain the park strip.

Property owners on Prospect avenue are reminded that the first cost is less than half what it would cost to pave an equal area. In other words, assuming that the street is to be improved anyhow, the property owners will save money by parking instead of paving the strip along the curb.

The first cost includes building a new curb, grading, spreading new soil and fertilizer, installing an entirely independent water pipe system with faucets every 100 feet, planting trees, grass, and evergreens or shrubs, and incidental expense. The maintenance of \$3.50 per lot per year, automatically collected from every lot owner, pays for watering, trimming grass, clipping trees and shrubs, replacing failures, cost of water, repairs and maintenance. It is a wholly practical plan that has been approved and accepted by the city government, and applied successfully on Rio Grande street and Magoffin avenue.

If anybody is in doubt about the wisdom or beauty of the plan, let him take a look at those two streets. The curb parking can only succeed under the complete control and supervision of the city authorities, insuring uniformity and economy of construction, and proper care and maintenance. The parking abates the dust nuisance, breaks the winds, makes it cooler in summer by avoiding the great area of heat absorbing and heat radiating asphalt, is restful to the eye, forms a permanent playground for the children (Bermuda grass is best because it cannot be hurt by them), and makes it easier to grow things on the adjacent private premises.

It is to be hoped that nothing will be allowed to stand in the way of adopting the parking plan on Prospect avenue, for the street is ideally situated to benefit most highly by the parking.

Jack Binns has secured a verdict of \$12,500 against the Vitaphone company, manufacturer of moving picture films, because in a film called "C. Q. D. or Saved by Wireless," Binns, impersonated by an actor, is shown as smoking cigarettes while on duty. Binns was wireless operator on the steamer Republic in collision with the Florida, and the cigaret was too much for him. Binns says he doesn't want his friends to think he commercialized his fame, or that he winked at the spectators while flashing wireless signals of distress.

The Missouri supreme court in a recent decision announces as a matter of law that "no matter how much the cow waters her own milk, the milkman has no right designedly to duplicate nature's gift of water by a future gift of his own from the barnyard pump." Law, after all, is only petrified common sense.

New Mexico is to have county high schools in all counties having over 5000 inhabitants—a thoroughly progressive measure.

Cuba is given another chance to consider the lilies how they grow.

It must sound nice to Europeans to be told by an ex-president of the United States that President Taft is a fraud and can only be reelected by fraud. Why not elect Col. Roosevelt presiding judge of the international peace court?

Where We Are Going

IF YOU WANT to look ahead and count on the future, it is safe to say that El Paso will have at least 80,000 people in eight years more, and will, in all probability, have 100,000. If the city continues to grow at the rate of the last decade, it will be 100,000. That will put us in the class with the present cities of Hartford, Cambridge, Lowell, New Bedford, Springfield, Grand Rapids, Camden, Trenton, Albany, Dayton, Reading, Nashville, Dallas, San Antonio, Salt Lake, and Spokane, and considerably larger than the present cities of Wilmington, Des Moines, Lawrence, Lynn, Youngstown, Fort Worth, Houston, and Tacoma.

So it may easily be seen that El Paso business men and real estate owners have a bright future to look forward to for the next eight years. In all the United States there is no place promising surer or more profitable returns upon any investment of capital or human effort, than El Paso offers.

The sober second thought of the people will put the stamp of approval on the limitation of the presidential term that time has established. We have had 27 presidents and not one has served over eight years. There is no need to start a new fashion now. When the notion becomes current that the salvation of this nation depends on any one individual, then indeed will the danger signals of decaying democracy have to be heeded.

If president Taft had had a different secretary of state, the whole record of his administration would be very different and vastly more creditable. Mr. Knox's conduct of the office has been so weak and changeable and ill considered, that it is fair to assume he has had a similar influence in the cabinet councils of the administration.

The central west is more strongly anti-Democratic than it is anti-Taft. There is not likely to be any serious consequence to the Republican party this year even if Taft be nominated over the protests of a very noisy minority.

Highland Park seems to need a law to prevent livestock from roaming at large. El Paso is still in the village stage in some things.

One-Sentence Philosophy

QUAKER MEDITATIONS.

(Philadelphia Record.)

It is never too late to unlearn.

He who minds his own business is kept too busy to do much else.

No man is so lowly that there isn't somebody he can look down upon.

A man seldom realizes how fast he can go till he gets on the down grade.

The poorer a man is, the more he talks about what he would do if he were rich.

The man who thinks only of his stomach does most of his thinking after it is too late.

The pen may be mightier than the sword, but both are dangerous in inexperienced hands.

If we could all know exactly what people think of us, what an unhappy world this would be.

"The truth will stand forever," quoted the Wise Guy. "That's right," agreed the Simple Mug. "But a lie generally gets a seat."

Many a man's fortune, in round numbers, is \$400,000,000, etc.

Mrs. Higgins—"Your little boy seems rather small for his age."

Mrs. Higgins—"Yes, we have always lived in a West Philadelphia flat."

A man never realizes how much furniture he owns till he comes home late at night and tries to get to bed without turning on the light.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

"Pa, what's a 'playwright'?" "A man who writes stuff to go with the scenery, my son."—Judge.

"Is he a man of pronounced views?" "Yes, but they are pronounced by his wife."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

"Did you hear the new opera in New York?" "Yes." "It was sung in English, wasn't it?" "I was told so."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"How dreadfully stout the general is getting?" "Yes, isn't he fortunate? Otherwise he wouldn't be able to wear all his medals!"—Punch.

POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

(Chicago News.)

Even the oldest inhabitant has to bow to the will of the youngest.

A small boy's idea of greatness is to play baseball in a real uniform.

One of the saddest things we ever saw was a fat man trying to look cute.

The man who begins at the bottom of the ladder won't have so far to fall.

When you nail your flag to the top of the pole don't forget to clinch the nails.

If a man is unable to beat a woman in an argument he can usually win his point by flattering her.

UNCLE WALT'S DENATURED POEM

Beautiful Things

By Walt Mason.

THE beautiful things are the things we do; they are not the things we wear, as we shall find when the journey's through, and the roll call's read up there. We're illustrating the latest styles, with raiment that beats the band; but the beautiful things are the kindly smiles that go with the helping hand. We burden ourselves with gleaming gems, that neighbors may stop and stare; but the beautiful things are the diadems of stars that the righteous wear. There are beautiful things in the poor man's cot, though empty the hearth and cold, if love and service are in each thought that busied and early may hold. They are beautiful things in the lowest slum where wandering outcasts grope, when down to its depths they age you come with message of help and hope. The beautiful things that we mortals buy and flash in the crowded street, will all be junk when we come to die, and march to the judgment seat. When everything's weighed on that fateful day, the lightest thing will be gold. There are beautiful things within reach today, but they are not bought or sold.

The Ruse of Majornok Folks

By Kalman Mikszasz.

WHO remembers the Petky row? Love was at the bottom of that business, and so perhaps it may be accounted for the telling. It happened in the days when Joseph and Palatine were up in Budapest, and Mr. Ustvan Kotyoko was headman, or biro, as they call it, in the village of Majornok.

At that time the shepherd of the Forest Farm had a daughter, Erzi, who was as lovely as a princess. She often went to church at Látava, because they have neither church nor priest at Majornok. At Látava every Sunday all his property at home, every eye I say was fixed on the maiden, whereby trouble came to three among them.

Of those two eyes belonged to young Mahaly Kovacs, the currier, while a third was the property of Pal Petky, the quire. (He had lost the other out shooting in his student days.) A great gallant was the owner of Látava, yet a tyrant and brutal withal.

As it was, his power was considerable. He owned 15,000 acres of a stretch, and had been provided with two eyes instead of one, he could not have surveyed all his property at home from the top of the Látava church tower.

Erzi pleased this great gentleman, but on the other hand she was the worker in sheepskins who pleased Erzi.

Petky often drove over to the farm, and wherever he might happen to be, shooting he would turn in there to drink whey and try to beguile Erzi. But his fair words did him nothing. So next he sent his steward to speak judiciously to the father and convince him what a good thing it would be for the girl if he were to send his daughter to the castle. Words of wisdom, however, proved equally fruitless.

Meanwhile, things went all the more smoothly for the currier. On Whit Sunday he went up to the farm, asked for the currier, and he was accepted. They even fixed the wedding day for Martinmas, and engaged the piper.

When the news got abroad Petky sent another message by his servant. "Erzi, Erzi," he warned her, "you must repent this and weep for it bitterly every day of your life—when you lie down at night and blow out your tallow candle, and when you rise in the morning and draw on your shabby old boots."

Erzi shrugged her shoulders. "If I repent it, why, so much the worse," said she. "But what, if his honor wishes, that I should repent at once."

Then Mr. Petky flew into a rage. He summoned the currier and inquired how matters stood. "The banns have been called twice," replied the young man.

"Is nothing," said the currier. "The flower is not for you to gather." And so it indeed befell. The district judge Petky played a trick on Mahaly, and played a day or two before the wedding his man came out to get a paper signed by the biro.

Keep still, Bobbie, said Pa. He immediately, without a word, just as he was used to sign everything. He had no head for that sort of thing—written characters meant nothing to him.

So now he had signed a warrant which, according to the report, charged Mahaly Kovacs with manufacturing leather jackets out of stolen sheep skins, the same being supplied to him by the shepherd at the Forest farm.

And thus it came about, that while the guests were all assembled at the farm, and just as they were dressing in their best, the police appeared on the scene, arrested the bridegroom and the bride's father, and took them off in rags to the county goal. Terror-stricken the wedding guests took to their heels, leaving the disconsolate bride alone in her despair.

Well, if only she had left her alone; but two policemen remained behind as well to await the arrival of Petky, who intended to conduct a personal investigation of the premises. And a pretty story he would make of it that evening.

Meanwhile, the scattered wedding party came storming. Mr. Kotyoko's steward, who had been sent to the farm, let a carrying pass. Stride at stride he issued against the shepherd's folk? "Well, how should I know what was the document?" expostulated the headman.

"Two innocent men have been cast into prison," interrupted the biro mildly, "why they will let them out again directly."

But at that up piped Vincze Letasut, who should have been best man at the wedding. "Eh, not so fast, master biro. What about the young woman, please? There she is, at the farm, and the judge now on his way to the empty nest, where he was never the looked for bridegroom! Who is to be held responsible for this monstrous villainy, I should like to know, if not you?"

"Stop your cackle and be a bit quieter," said the biro, "the district judge shall not go up to the farm."

"And who says that?" sneered Gyorgy Berkas, himself an ex-biro. "If you don't stop your cackle, I'll send you to the county goal, where you'll be with the heads of the crowd. 'I, the biro of Majornok.'"

"You will prevent him?" "Just listen here. You know where the hill road to the farm runs between the rocks and is hardly wide enough in places to let a carrying pass? Well, so it is, and the district judge, pull out the crucifix, and plant it there in the middle of the way. Just let the district judge get past that, on his love affairs, if he can!"

Then there arose a tumult, caps were flung, every body shouted and danced with excitement. The young fellows hurried off for spades and hoes, and within an hour or so the hill road was a narrow path, and the district judge got past that, on his love affairs, if he can!"

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ONE CAMPAIGN SUFFICES TO KILL NEW POLITICAL PARTY AND ITS LEADER

Liberal Republican Party Is Crushed in a Few Months and Its Nominee Dies Broken in Mind and Body.

By FREDERICK J. HASKIN.

WASHINGTON, D. C., June 12.—

The most interesting national convention of the year 1812 was not that held by the dominant Republicans, but that of the Liberal Republican Party, a great party born only to die—one campaign a miserable fiasco. And yet no party ever started off with greater hope or brighter prospects, no movement ever began under better auspices than that combination of "brains and convictions" that formed the "new departure."

The Liberal Republican movement of 1812 was the most considerable defection the Republican party has suffered since its organization. It was a movement of the party, not of the party's leaders, and it was not disastrous, but it carried into the opposition many of the men who were prominent in the early days of Republicanism. It is a remarkable fact that more than two-thirds of the men prominent in the Republican party in 1812 and 1813 were Democrats or Independents.

Started by Editors. The Liberal Republican movement was captured and commanded by editors—by the giants of the era of personal journalism. The campaign which it led was a part of the beginning of the end of the political party newspaper organ, marks the advent of the independent press and the "finis" after the story of the brave old days of the golden age of political journalism.

"The new departure" reached its climax in the Liberal Republican convention which met at Cincinnati on May 1. The convention, called by the Missouri Republican, called the convention to order. Horace Greeley, the editor of the New York Tribune, was its nominee for president. R. G. Brown, editor of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, was its nominee for vice president. Joseph Pulitzer, then editor of the St. Louis Post-Dispatch and at the time the owner of the New York World, was its secretary of the convention. A. K. McClure, of the Philadelphia Times, Horace White, of the Chicago Tribune, Murray Hays, of the Cincinnati Commercial, Samuel Bowles, of the Springfield Republican, and William Allen, of the Louisville Courier-Journal, were the "big men" at the convention. Later in the campaign, Greeley picked his ticket with the support of Bennett in the New York Herald, although the elder Bennett was even then on his death bed, and of Dana in the New York Sun. It was an editors' campaign, but its great mistake was placing an erratic and eccentric editor at the head of the ticket.

Others Join Movement. But it was not all an editors' movement. John P. O'Sullivan, chief justice of the United States supreme court, wrote a letter practically bidding for the Liberal Republican nomination. In which he said "If it were judged the best means of uniting the greatest number of those opposed to the administration on principle, it would doubtless be my duty to accept it."

Charles Sumner, the great Massachusetts senator, declared in the senate against the abuses of the Grant administration and denounced the military rule, and he was ably seconded by Carl Schurz, William Brewster, and others. The administration was defended by Conkling and Logan, Governor Curtin, of Pennsylvania, and Judge David Davis, of Illinois, the men who had made Lincoln's nomination inevitable in 1860, and who were the backbone of the Republican organization, although it was only 12 years old in 1812.

These facts are the more remarkable when it is remembered that the new departure was the result of a movement headed by Clement Vallandigham, the arch Copperhead of Ohio, who had been banished to the Confederate states during the war, and who was excommunicated by every loyalist north of the Mason and Dixon line. In the famous platform of 1812, Vallandigham declared for the unification of all elements opposed to Grant on the basis of a complete acceptance of the war policy, including the reconstruction policy, the new amendments to the constitution, and so on. That therefore held by northern Democrats that the Vallandigham movement was called the "new departure."

The Democratic press, headed by the Missouri Republican and the Louisville Courier-Journal, broke away from the conventional meetings and hailed the Dayton platform as the gospel that would save the country. The leaders of the movement were lost sight of, and the Democratic ranks were split by the new departure.

The Liberal Republican state convention was held in Missouri, and this convention issued the call for the national convention at Cincinnati. It was one of the most remarkable political gatherings ever held, and was characterized by the high intelligence and order of its members. But, as was said at the time there was so much genius that everybody boiled, even from his own convictions.

Spits on Tariff Issue. The tariff issue was the rock on which the convention split. A majority of the delegates were free traders, and yet the Pennsylvania element controlled the convention, and the nomination of Charles Francis Adams, who was not the favorite and who led the poll on the first ballots taken. The editors objected to David Davis, and at the close of the convention, nominated Greeley, although even while the ballot was being taken he was freely predicted to be elected. The result was a disaster.

A correspondent, present at the time, said of the nomination of Greeley: "The free traders are outraged; the southern Democrats are tickled; old Whigs are mollified; the Irish are tickled; the Germans are cold and complaining, saying in a suggestive way, 'Too much water in maiden On the whole, the nomination discourages the intellectual men, the agitators and the brains of the movement. It pacifies conservatives and people who want serious and quiet character in the canvass. The southern Democrats will swing desperately to support and endorse it. The northern moneyed Democracy will struggle to push-pool the real victory of the movement."

Endorsed by Democrats. The Democrats met in Baltimore, the original convention city. Thomas J. C. and approved. Judge Harper then presented the court with bills of collections amounting to \$28,25. The court accepted and approved the amount.

"Why doesn't El Paso 'cut loose' on July 4, and have a grand blow out?" said a C. H. switchman yesterday. "I think it's an outrage the way the business men of El Paso are acting in regard to the proposed celebration. The railroad men would contribute largely to a grand celebration on that day."

The Herald was stopped on the streets this morning by one of the Knights of Labor and asked if it was generally understood that the tickets for the fair of July from El Paso to Los Angeles were good for return on July 8 and 9, and not knowing definitely the Herald's man went to the White Oaks people to find out. The information secured was to the effect that the tickets were only good for the day on which they were sold, as the rate was so cheap.

erson Randolph, grandson of the founder of the party, was chairman. The Cincinnati Liberal Republican platform was adopted without the change of a word, and Greeley and Brown were endorsed and nominated as the regular Democratic candidates. Thomas F. Bayard, of Delaware, and Daniel C. Bayard, of New York, were nominated but vain protest. The politicians believed that it was the golden opportunity to kill the Republican organization, and they seized it. Besides, the southerners were grateful to Greeley for having signed the bond of Jefferson Davis.

Horace Greeley formally accepted the Democratic nomination. Greeley, who had been elected to the Van Buren second Polk, damned Pierce and Buchanan and Douglas; Greeley, the abolitionist, Greeley, the prohibitionist, Greeley, the woman suffragist; Horace Greeley was the candidate of the Democratic party for president. But Democrats all over the union remembered the bitter things Greeley had said of them. The Republican orators helped them to remember that Greeley had said: "All Democrats may not be horse thieves, but all horse thieves are Democrats. They did not remember to vote in November."

Grant Re-nominated. The Liberal Republican movement at Philadelphia in June, with Henry Wilson, of Massachusetts, as running mate. A cry was sent up for the "Galena test" for Grant. Money went into the campaign as the nation's coldest and the magnificent organization of the Republican party stood to the ticket, never for Grant. Money went into the campaign as the nation's coldest and the magnificent organization of the Republican party stood to the ticket, never for Grant.

As late as August, the Liberal Democratic coalition believed that it had a chance to elect a Democratic president. As late as August, the Liberal Democratic coalition believed that it had a chance to elect a Democratic president. As late as August, the Liberal Democratic coalition believed that it had a chance to elect a Democratic president.

When election day came, Greeley carried but seven states in the union. A new election was held on November 3, and before the end of November, Horace Greeley was dead. This was the tragic end of the Liberal Republican movement, the most considerable defection the Republican party has suffered since 1812.

Tomorrow—Another Dark Horse.

W. D. writes: "Sometime ago two sisters, whom I will call A and B, became acquainted with a very nice young man. He takes both of them out, individually and together, and as A and B have confided in each other, they have found that when he is with A he will tell her how much more beautiful she is than B, and make other flattering remarks, and when he is with B, he tells her how much more beautiful she is than A, and says the exact phrases of flattery."

What would you do, as he is considered a very dear friend of the family?

I would remember that there are other flatterers in the alphabet and that they spell B—C—K—L—E, and there are also more letters, and they spell T—R—U—T—H—E.

Then I would refuse to let a compliment the young man pays sink in. I would regard his compliments as I would the word of a man of whom it is said: "And the truth is not in him."

I would pay no more heed to his praise than to the wind that blew yesterday. And if I found that I could not avoid remembering what he says, and retaining it, for flattery has the clinging quality of a Canadian thistle, I would make him more of a pest than I could possibly help.

He is an idler; he is foolish; he is silly, and he persists in his methods of deception, he will in time be despised by the unscrupulous, if not there now.

Flattery distorts one's sense of proportion, and blurs one's vision. It is impossible to get a clear conception of the true and false within one's consciousness, and listen to flattery at the same time.